

Price One Penny.

THE
PRINCE ALBERT
VOCALIST.

C O N T E N T S.

Afloat on the ocean
A weary lot is thine
Bells upon the wind
Banks of the Rhine
Cab! Cab!
Child of good nature
Dearest, then, I'll love thee
more
Don't be foolish, Joe
Forty years ago
Deep in the forest dell
Dear halls of my fathers
Farewell, thou city of my
fathers
Fairy bells
I think of the land where
my fathers are sleeping
I am thine
I'll love thee ever dearly
I love but thee
I should like to marry
Jolly Waggoner
Katty darling
Let us be happy together
Life's a bumper
Let us love one another
Lovely girl of Cadiz
Life is a river
Land of my birth

Meet me, dearest
My father's old farm
Merry Haymakers
Madoline
Nelly Machree
Oh, do you remember
Old father Pat
Prince Albert, God bless
him
Prime the cup, fill high
Scenes that are brightest
Spring time of the year
Spanking Jack
Sincerity's a jewel
The Slave
Take back those gems you
gave me
The old water-mill
The lute is sweet
That feeling which exalts
the soul
There's room enough for all
Trab! trab
The Witches' glee
The old kirk yard
The Standard bearer
Uncle Ned
When thou art near
You gave me your heart

One Hundred Toasts and Sentiments.

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The Prince Albert Vocalist.

PRINCE ALBERT, GOD BLESS HIM!

Tune—"King, God bless him!"

Come, send round the toast, fill the goblets again,

Let our glasses flow up to the brim;

We've drank to our Queen and our flag on the main,

And Prince Albert, we'll fill up to him.

In staunch Britons' hearts he still bears a good name,

(May the world's darkling cares ne'er distress him!)

Long, long may he live, bless'd by virtue and fame,

Here's a health to Prince Albert, God bless him!

A hand free to give, and a heart to relieve

The widow or orphan's distress,

The patron of science, of merit the friend—

Few nations such princes possess!

Beloved by his Queen, Britain's daughter so dear,

And the love of his children possessing,

Long, long shall good fellowship echo the cheer—

Here's a health to Prince Albert, God bless him!

THE OLD WATER-MILL.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

And is this the old mill-stream, that ten years ago

Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow?

Whose musical waters would ripple and shine

With the glorious dash of a miniature Rhine?

Can this be its bed?—I remember it well,

When it sparkled like silver through meadow and dell.

And is this, &c.

And here was the miller's house, peaceful abode!

Where the flower-twin'd porch drew all eyes from the road;

Where roses and jassmine embower'd a door,

That never was clos'd to the wayworn or poor;

Where the miller, God bless him! oft gave us a dance,

And led off the ball with his soul in his glance.

And is this, &c.

The mill is in ruins—no welcoming sound

In the mastiff's quick bark, and the wheels dashing round;

The house, too, forgotten—and left to decay—

And the miller, long dead, all I lov'd pass'd away!

This play-place of childhood was grav'd on my heart

In rare Paradise colors, that now must depart.

The old water-mill's gone—the fair vision is fled—

And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for the dead!

THE LOVELY GIRL OF CADIZ.

[Music—at Coventry & Hollier's.]

Oh, never talk again to me

Of northern climes and British ladies—

It has not been your lot to see,

Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz!

Altho' her eye be not of blue,

Nor fair her locks, like English lasses—

How far its own expressive hue

The dark and languid eye surpasses!

Oh, never talk, &c.

Our English maids are long to woo,

And frigid even in possession;

And if their charms be fair to view,

Their lips are slow at love's confession.

But born beneath a brighter sun,

(For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is);

And who, when fondly, fairly won—

Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz?

Oh, never talk, &c.

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

PRIME THE CUP, FILL HIGH.

PRIME the cup, fill it high;
 Let us quaff to the fair;
 Here's—The light of her eye!
 Here's—The gloss of her hair!
 Here's to one most divine,
 Though I breathe not her name;
 May her lot be with mine,
 May our hearts beat the same!
 By her lip, ruby red,
 Till these throbs cease to move,
 And each hope here lie dead,
 Her I'll love, her I'll love!
 For oh! she's all the world to me;
 Here's—The maid I adore!
 In my heart's deepest core
 Dwelleth but only she.
 Here's—The beam of her eye, &c.
 She's the flow'r in my bow'r,
 She's my star of the deep;
 'Tis her form keepeth watch
 In my dreams when I sleep.
 Here's to her lovely eyes,
 And to those that are thine;
 Envy not I thy prize,
 So I win only mine.
 By her voice—music sweet,
 By the truth of the dove,
 Till this heart cease to beat,
 Her I'll love, her I'll love;
 For oh! she's all the world to me;
 Here's—The maid I adore!
 In this heart evermore
 Dwelleth she, only she.
 Here's—The beam of her eye, &c.

THE LUTE IS SWEET.

THE lute is sweet, but often sad,
 And sorrow's note I'd fain forget;
 With pipe and tabor melody,
 Give me the lively castanet.
 Last night with Florio, in the waltz,
 His lips and mine together met;
 He whisper'd too, what I'll not tell
 While tick tack went the castanet.
 The maids look cross, the lads all sigh,
 But jealous whims they'll fast forget,
 To deck with roses white my door,
 And dancing, ply the castanet.
 For soon my joyful heart will beat,
 'Mid friends in bridal favours met;
 While wedding bells, soft jingling chime
 And tick tack went the castanet.

MY FATHER'S OLD FARM.

ONCE more I return to my dear native
 home,
 And from the old farm ne'er again will
 I roam,
 'Twas on this sweet spot, with the
 reapers so gay,
 When youth seemed as bright as the
 sun's golden ray,
 'Twas here where my days of sweet
 infancy passed,
 I timed not the hours, for they flew by
 so fast,
 Those days are now gone—and I feel
 not the joy
 In viewing those scenes as I did whilst
 a boy.
 'Though sad, sad the heart, yet life still
 has a charm,
 I feel as I gaze on my Father's old
 farm:
 They bless'd me—I left—they bade me
 be sure,
 With honour return, or return home no
 more,
 Long years have roll'd by—thoughts of
 them and this spot,
 Though absent they were, oh, they were
 not forgot.
 So poor, poor I left them, one bright
 beaming morn,
 With riches returned—like the leaf
 they were gone,
 'Twas here I was born—my life's early
 days spent—
 'Tis here I will die, where I lived with
 content.
 Though sad, &c.

THAT FEELING WHICH EXALTS THE SOUL.

THAT feeling which exalts the soul
 All earthly bounds above,
 And makes it reign one perfect whole,
 Is deep and burning love!
 And yet with those we hold most dear
 Its struggles are but vain,
 If, where we fondly love, we fear
 We are not loved again!
 The heart upon the past may dwell,
 And calm and happy seem,
 Or feeding hopes it dare not tell,
 May of the future dream.
 But dark will be what once was clear,
 The task all sad and vain,
 If, where we once have loved, we fear
 We are not loved again!

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

CAB! CAB!

Music published by Z. Purdy, Holborn.

I GOES out cab driving,
And sometimes all day through,
In spite of all contriving,
I scarcely makes a do;
A Handsom's cab I've got,
A handsome horse to trot—
Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! your honor,
Cab?

I'll drive you like a shot!
Cab! Cab! &c.

Now, if you'll hear my ditty,
I'll tell how I was done
By a fat man in the city,
Of two-and-twenty stun;
I plied at Holborn-hill,
Says he, "To Pentonville—
Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! I want a Cab
Drive fast and show your skill."
My horse's eyes I kivered,
While he got in, you know,
If he'd see'd his weight he'd differ'd
And, perhaps, refused to go;
To Pentonville I went,
Where to me says this here gent—
Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! here's some
mistake.

It's Pimlico I meant.

To Pimlico I took him—
My horse, as you'll suppose,
This job did nearly cook him—
When again the check-string goes;
He says to me "Hallo!
Hold hard a bit, go slow—
Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! you're wrong
again,

Turn back, and drive to Bow."
I didn't like to grumble,
But mounted up once more,
All the way to Bow did trundle,
Where he stopt me as before;
Says he, when there he'd rode,
"This isn't my abode—
ab! Cab! Cab! Cab! I think your'e
drunk,

This aint the Edgware-road!"
In course I felt wexations,
But I my temper kep',
To the Edgware road, good gracious!
took him every step;

My horse was quite done brown,
And I began to frown—
"Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! what are
you at?
I lives at Horselydown!"
To Horselydown I driv him,
When my horse lied down, don't
grin,
But shelter none would give him,
Thinks I, "He's got no tin!"
"Where shall I now repair?"
"To the devil, I don't care."
"Not there I guess," says I, "unless
You give me my back fare."

CHILD OF GOOD NATURE.

WHEN day was scarcely dawning,
Against my window flew
A lark one winter's morning,
All chilled with icy dew;
"O take me in, O take me in,"
It seemed to say to me;
"Dear child of good-nature,
I shall live happy with thee."

My window gently raising
I quickly then withdrew;
Soft notes the action praising,
Within the warbler flew;
When perched upon my glass it sang,
As if to say to me,
"Dear child of good-nature,
I shall live happy with thee."

Many were the hours
My little bird would sing,
Ere it sought its native bowers,
When blooming came the spring;
When sitting by my door it sang,
As if to say to me,
"Dear child of good-nature,
"I have lived happy with thee."

LIFE'S A BUMPER.

LIFE'S a bumper, fill'd by fate,
Let us guests, enjoy the treat,
Nor, like silly mortals pass
Life as 'twere but half a glass.
Let this scene with joy be crown'd,
Let the glee and catch go round,
All the sweets of love combine,
Mirth and music, love and wine!

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

MEET ME, DEAREST.

[Music—at No. 4, Exeter Hall.]

MEET me, dearest, when the bees
Have sped their homeward flight,
Where blackbird in his favourite thorn
Outpours his love's good night;
Where flowers that breath'd the wood-
land's side,
Pecupp'd wi' early dew,
Are kissing every gay young breeze
That roves their leaflets through.
Dearest love, mine ever dear!
Meet again! oh, meet me there!

Meet me, dearest, fond we'll stroll
Adown the lovesome way;
And whispering joys in other's arms,
'Neath roselets trimm'd with May;
Till, as the glow-worm lights her lamp
Where dance the fairy train,
We'll bid good bye, my only love,
And wish 'twere eve again!
Dearest love, &c.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

[Music—at Hime and Son's.]

LET us love one another, not long may
we stay—
In this bleak world of mourning some
droop while 'tis day;
Others fade in their noon, and few linger
till eve—
Oh, there breaks not a heart, but leaves
some one to grieve!
And the fondest, the purest, the truest
that met
Have still found the need to forgive
and forget;
Then oh! though the hopes that we
nourish decay,
Let us love one another as long as we
stay!
There are hearts, like the ivy, though
all bedecay'd,
Who seem to twine fondly, in sunlight
and shade;
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily
they spread,
Undimm'd 'midst the blighted, the
lonely, and dead!

But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not
in part,
But with leaves closely round it, the
root in its heart;
Exists but to twine it, imbibes the same
dew,
Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish
there too!

Thus let's love one another 'midst sor-
row the worst,
Unalter'd and fond as we lov'd at the
first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may
change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into
particles break,
There are some sweet affections that
wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow
draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else
pass away —
Then love one another as long as we
stay.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

When thou art near!
One smile of thine, one sunny ray,
Can chase the griefs that linger here;
Like morning mists they melt away
When thou art near.

When thou art near!
The birds their softest notes resume,
The streamlet flows most pure & clear,
The flowers put forth their richest
bloom
When thou art near.

When thou art near!
My lute, whose chords, if touched alone,
Breathe saddest music to mine ear;
How grateful is its altered tone
When thou art near.

When thou art near!
The sweetest joys still sweeter seem,
The brightest hopes more bright
appear;
And life is all one happy dream
When thou art near.

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

[Music — at D'Almaine and Mackinlay's.]

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine ;
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green
No more of me you know,
My love!
No more of me you know.

"This morn, merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain ;
But she shall bloom in winter's snow,
Ere we two meet again." —
He turned his charger, as he spake,
Upon the river shore ;
He gave his bridle-reins a shake
Said, " Adieu, for evermore,
My love !
And adieu, for evermore."

DEEP IN A FOREST DELL.

[Music — at Hawes's.]

Deep in a forest dell,
The sylphide loves to dwell,
With the timid fawn,
Sporting at early dawn ;
Or near some limpid stream,
Skimming the noon-tide beam ;
Revels in shady bower,
Enamoured of leaf and flower.

Oft with the lark I soar,
Where the stars their radiance pour,
When the sunbeams rise
In the eastern skies ;
But ah ! no more I rove,
Chain'd by the tyrant, Love !
My sportive joys are o'er,
weep and I adore.
Deep in a forest dell, &c.

BELLS UPON THE WIND.

[Music — at Duff & Co's.]

heavenly voice, that heavenly
voice,
When every joy has fled,
In accents, soothing, brings relief,
When all, save hope, is dead.

Those melting sounds, those melting
sounds,
Alone can calm the mind ;
Like dying sunbeams, gild the scene,
Or bells upon the wind.
Like bells, &c.

Those mellow tones, those mellow
tones,
The soul-desponding cheer,
Reviving joys the bosom fill,
Fresh budding hopes appear
The drooping heart, the drooping
heart,
In friendship's voice shall find
A balm, whose cheering accents
thrill
Like bells upon the wind.
Like bells, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

[Music — at Leoni Lee's.]

Far away from the dash of the tor-
rent's rude foam,
Where wild flowers blossom, and
peace finds a home ;
Where the sun brightly beams on
the dark glowing vine—
In a cottage Love dwelt on the
banks of the Rhine.

A maiden as fair as the day-beam
was there,
Whose heart was as pure as her
young brow was fair ;
And oft did the hunters, at ev'ning's
decline,
A sweet welcome find in that cot by
the Rhine.

There was one in that throng o'er
whose bosom no care
Could leave for a moment its dark
traces there ;
He sighed—but his light heart could
never repine,
For Love dwelt in that cot on the
banks of the Rhine.

The green leaves were dying, and
fading each flower,
And song-birds no more sought the
shade of each bower :
Ere winter came on, at affection's
pure shrine,
They knelt down in joy in that cot
by the Rhine.

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

FAREWELL TO THEE, LAND
OF MY BIRTH.

FAREWELL to thee, land of my
birth,
Farewell to thee, childhood's
dear home;
All thy sweet charms 'mid sadness
and mirth,
Will haunt me wherever I roam.
Ties of affection now must be
broken,
Links that have bound me many
a year.
Oft as I gaze on ev'ry lov'd token,
Fancy will ever waft me here
Farewell to thee, land of my birth,
Farewell to thee, childhood's
dear home;
All thy sweet charms, 'mid sadness
and mirth,
Will haunt me wherever I roam.
Night gathers round, deeper the
shade,
Valleys and hills fade with the
light,
Sleep, gentle sleep, lend me thy
aid,
In dreams bring them back to
my sight;
What tho' I go where wealth is
displaying
All its enchantment over the mind,
'Mid the gay halls my thoughts
will be straying
Back to the scenes I leave behind.
Farewell to thee, &c.

DEAR HALLS OF MY
FATHERS.

DEAR halls of my fathers! while
on ye I gaze,
Ye call up the spirits of happier
days;
Those days, ere the stranger had
called thee his own,
When the frowns of the world were
to me quite unknown.
But ye are the halls of that proud
race no more,
That vision of splendour for ever is
o'er.
Yet still 'tis a pleasure to gaze on
the scene,
Where my childhood was pass'd,
and my fathers have been.
The moonlight that streams on the
ivy-clad walls,
How many a fond recollection re-

The sighs of the zephyrs which float
o'er the stream,
Like the voices of friends to my
memory seem:
Though sorrow and age have for
many a year
Ruled over my wand'rings since first
I was here,
Yet still 'tis a pleasure to gaze on
the scene,
Where my childhood was pass'd,
and my fathers have been.
Dear halls of my fathers! this
night is the last,
Which fate will allow me with
thee to be pass'd
Far over the ocean to-morrow I
roam,
To seek from the stranger a land
and a home;
Farewell, then, for ever, my fa-
vourite tree,
In dreams I shall often look back
upon thee—
And visit in fancy each fondly
loved scene,
Where my childhood was pass'd,
and my fathers have been.

I AM THINE.

"I'm thine, I'm thine," she oft
would say,
"For ever thine!
Others' love may fade away
But never mine."
Yet she now leaves my heart to
grieve,
And break with woe,
I scarce, I scarce her falsehood can
believe
I lov'd her so, I lov'd her so.
I scarce, I scarce, &c.
But love, farewell! I now for e'er
The false one fly,
Her image from my heart I'll tear
Then silent die.
I'll no more her falsehood regret
Yet where'er I go,
I fear, I fear, I never can forget
I lov'd her so, I lov'd her so.
I fear, I fear, &c.

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

THE SLAVE.

Published by Jefferys and Co., Soho Square.

I HAD a dream, a happy dream;—
 I thought that I was free:
 That in my own bright land again
 A home there was for me.
 Savannah's tides dashed bravely on,
 I saw wave roll o'er wave;
 But when in full delight I woke,
 I found myself a Slave.

I never knew a mother's love,
 Yet happy were my days,
 For by my own dear father's side
 I sang my simple lays.
 He died—and heartless strangers came,
 Ere closed o'er him the grave;
 They tore me weeping from his side,
 And claimed me as their Slave.

And this was in a Christian land,
 Where men oft kneel and pray—
 The vaunted land of liberty,
 Where lash and chain hold sway.
 O, give me back my Georgian cot—
 It is not wealth I crave;
 O, let me live in freedom's light,
 Or die, if still a Slave.

SPRING TIME OF THE YEAR.

THE spring time of year is coming,
 coming,
 Birds are blithe, are blithe and gay,
 Insects bright are humming, humming,
 And all the world is May, love—
 And all the world is May.

The glorious sun is brighter,
 The balmy air is lighter,
 E'en woman when we meet her
 In this sweet time is sweeter.
 The spring time of year, &c.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,
 With fragrance from the balmy
 grove,
 And grateful youths are telling, telling
 Their happy tales of love—
 Their happy tales of love.

Spring makes the pulse with pleasure
 beat,
 Spring makes the heart with rapture
 thrill,
 Spring causes men and maid^s to meet,
 And doth with joy all nature fill,
 The spring time of year, &c.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH for ALL.

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife,
 Each warring with his brother?
 Why need we, through the crowd of
 life,
 Keep trampling on each other?
 Is there no goal that can be won,
 Without a squeeze to gain it?
 No other way of getting on
 But scrambling to obtain it?
 Oh! fellow men, remember then,
 Whatever chance befall,
 The world is wide in lands beside,
 There's room enough for all.

What if the swarthy peasant find
 No field for honest labour?
 He need not idly stop behind,
 To thrust aside his neighbour!
 There is a land with sunny skies,
 Which gold for toil is giving,
 Where ev'ry brawny hand that tries
 Its strength can get a living.
 Oh! fellow men, remember then,
 Whatever chance befall,
 The world is wide, where those
 abide,
 There's room enough for all.

From poison'd air ye breathe in courts,
 And typhus-tainted alleys,
 Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
 In rural hills and valleys;
 Where ev'ry hand that clears a bough
 Finds plenty in attendance;
 And every furrow of the plough
 A step to independence.
 Oh! hasten, then, from fever'd
 den,
 And lodging cramp'd and small,
 The world is wide in lands beside,
 There's room enough for all.

In this fair region far away,
 Will labour find employment—
 A fair day's work a fair day's pay,
 And toil will earn enjoyment!
 What need, then, of this daily strife,
 Each warring with each other?
 Why need we in this crowd of life
 Keep trampling on each other?
 Oh! fellow men, remember then
 Whatever chance befall
 The world is wide, where those
 abide,
 There's room enough for all!

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

UNCLE NED.

I ONCE knew a nigger, his name was
Uncle Ned,

But he's gone dead long ago;
He'd got no wool on the top of his head,
In the place where the wool ought to
grow.

Hand up the shovel and the hoe,
Lay down the fiddle and the bow;
There's no more work for poor old
Ned,

He's gone where the good niggers go.

His nails were as long as the cane in the
brake,

He had no eyes for to see,
He had no teeth to eat the oat cake,
So he let the oat cake be.

Hand up the shovel, &c.

On a cold frosty morning this nigger
he died.

In the church-yard they laid him low;
And the niggers all said that they were
afraid

His like they never should know.
Hand up the shovel, &c.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

SCENES that are brightest

May charm a while;
Hearts that are lightest,
And eyes that smile;
Yet o'er them above us,
Though nature beam,
With none to love us,
How sad they seem.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear,
For though they flatter,
They mock the ear:
Hopes still deceive us
With tearful cost,
And when they leave us
The heart is lost.

THE JOLLY WAGGONER.

WHEN I first went a waggoning,

A waggoning did go—
I fill'd my parents' hearts full
Of sorrow, grief, and woe,
And many are the hardships
That I have gone through.
But sing, Wo! my lads, sing, Wo!
Drive on my lads, I O!
And who can lead the life
Of a jolly waggoner.

It is a cold and stormy night,
And I'm wet to the skin;
But I'll bear it with contentment,
Till I get to the Inn,
Then I will get a drinking,
With the landlord and his friends,
And sing, Wo! &c.

Now summer it is coming,
What pleasure we shall see!
The small birds are a singing
In every green tree;
The black-birds and the thrushes
Are whistling in the grove,
And sing, Wo! &c.

Now Michaelmas is coming,
What pleasures we shall find;
It will make the gold to fly
My boys, like chaff before the w
And every lad shall take his lass,
And set her on his knee,
And sing, Wo! &c.

LET US BE HAPPY TOGETHER.

[Music at Jeffreys and Co's.]

COME, let us be happy together,
For where there's a will there's a way;
And the heart may be light as a feather,
If maxims like mine hold the sway:
First pack up a store of contentment,
Who knows not the way is a dunce;
If wrong'd, never dream of resentment—
Get rid of such folly at once.

Listen to me! listen to me!
Be kind, 'tis the way to meet kindness;
If not, what's the use of regret?
Rail not at the world for its blindness,
But pity, forgive, and forget.

Our old friends, no doubt, will be true
friends;
The longer, why love them the more;
But shut not your eyes against new
friends,

Though one be but true in a score.
Prize the one you have proved, as a jewel
With which it were madness to part:
Who would carelessly throw by the fuel
That keeps up the warmth of the
heart?

Listen to me! listen to me!
Of true souls how sweet the communion,
Throughout the wide world as we
 roam;
To preserve, then, the strong chain of
union,
Let us rivet the fond links at home,

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

TRAB! TRAB.

ONE day while gently riding,
To reach my fair one's home,
I found her fondly waiting,
And when she saw me come
She cried aloud with glee,
"My lov'd one haste to me!—
Trab, trab, trab, my gallant steed,
And bring my love to me."
Trab, trab, &c.

With eager haste to her,
My steed still faster flew;
And thus I fondly answered
Her greeting fond and true—
"My ever faithful fair,
Why art thou waiting there?
Trab, trab, trab, my gallant steed,
My lov'd one's smiles to share,"
Trab, trab, &c.

Then off my horse alighting,
I sprang with open arms,
And soon within them folded,
I held the maiden's charms;
As through the fields we stray,
Her bright eyes seem to say:
"Trab, trab no more my gallant steed,
But here with my love stay."
Trab, trab, &c.

We fondly talk'd, while sitting
Beneath a pleasant shade:
But who would care to listen
To all the vows we made?
Alas! too short the day,
Her look no more is gay,
Trab, trab, trab, my gallant steed,
We now must hie away.
Trab, trab, &c.

KATTY DARLING.

THE flowers are blooming, Katty
darling,
And the birds are singing on each tree,
Never mind your mother's cruel snar-
ling,
My love you know I'm waiting for
thee!
The sun is sweetly smiling,
With his face so clear and bright,
Haste to your lover, Katty darling,
Ere the morning will change to night.
Katty! Katty!
The flowers are blooming, &c.

Meet me in the valley, Katty darling,
When the moon is shining o'er the
sea,

Oh, meet me near the stream, Katty
darling,
And tales of love I'll tell unto thee;
When the twinkling stars are peeping,
Sure those eyes shine far more bright,
Oh, meet me in the valley, Katty
darling,
And our vows of love we'll pledge
to-night.

Katty! Katty!
The flowers are blooming, &c.
Faith I'm smiling at your fears, Katty
darling,
Then you say, you ne'er can be mine,
I've sworn by the heavens, Katty
darling,
That this heart, love, alone was
thine;

The sun is sweetly shining,
With his face so clear and bright,
Oh, come to your lover, Katty darling,
Ere the morning will change to-night.
Katty! Katty!
The flowers are blooming, &c.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

'TIS now some forty years ago.
A man was in his prime;
And forty years ago, to him,
Was then a merry time;
His heart was happy, light, and free,
But Time has brought him low—
Still he can with pleasure speak
Of Forty Years ago.

He gave to those who sought his aid,
The poor ne'er left his door,
And shelter to the friendless gave,
For relief he gave in store;
But age has now passed o'er his head,
He's seen each friend laid low;
And all his youthful days are fled,
Full Forty Years ago.

Now all my once-loved friends are dead,
(The old man breathed a sigh),
And I am left alone to weep,
O'er happy days gone by;
Now ev'ry thing to me seems strange,
This land I scarcely know—
All things have undergone a change,
Since Forty years ago.

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

SPANKING JACK.

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so
 pleasant, so jolly,
 Though winds blew great guns, still
 he'd whistle and sing;
 Jack loved his friend, and was true to
 his Molly,
 And if honour gave greatness, was
 great as a king.
 One night as we drove with two reefs in
 the main-sail,
 And the scud came on lowering upon
 a lee shore,
 Jack went up aloft to hand the top-
 gall'nt sail,
 A spray washed him off, and we ne'er
 saw him more!
 But grieving's a folly, come let us be
 jolly,
 If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've
 pleasures ashore.
 Whistling Tom, still of mischief or fun
 in the middle,
 Through life in all weathers at ran-
 dom would jog;
 He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play
 on the fiddle,
 And swig, with an air, his allowance
 of grog.
 Long side of a Don, in the Terrible fri-
 gate,
 As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay
 off the shore,
 In and out Whistling Tom did so caper
 and jig it,
 That his head was shot off and we
 ne'er saw him more!
 But grieving's a folly, &c.
 Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate
 a brother,
 He was manly and honest, good-na-
 tured and free,
 If ever one tar was more true than
 another,
 To his friend and his duty, that sailor
 was he:
 One day, with the david, to heave the
 kedge-anchor,
 Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy
 shore;
 He overboard tipt, when a shark (such a
 spanker!)

Soon nipped him in two, and we ne'er
 saw him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.
 But what of it all, lads? shall we be
 down-hearted,

Because that mayhap we now take
 our last sup?

Life's cable must one day or other be
 parted,

And death, in fast moorings, will
 bring us all up.

But 'tis always the way on't; one scarce
 finds a brother,

Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and
 true to the core,

But by battle or storm, or some d—'d
 thing or other,

He's popped off the hooks, and we
 ne'er see him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

I THINK OF THE LAND WHERE MY FATHERS ARE SLEEPING

I THINK of the land where my fathers
 are sleeping,

I think of my dear native shore,

I think of the friends who perchance may
 be weeping,

For him who returneth no more;

My soul walks in darkness beneath thy
 bright sky,

Whose breezes but echo affection's deep
 sigh,

And whisper the words by each fond lip
 spoken,

When last we met

In bitter regret,

And parted almost heart-broken.

I think of the home where in life's early
 morrow,

My Marian to passion gave birth;

I think of the spot where in silence and
 sorrow,

I saw her laid deep in the earth.

In that frost blighted bower no fresh rose
 shall appear—

O'er that grave now forgotten no eye
 drops a tear—

Ah, memory why wilt thou treasure each
 token?

Why, drooping heart,

Still nourish thy smart?

Ah, why art thou still unbroken?

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS

SINCERITY 'S A JEWEL.

[Music—at Metzler's.]

When first I left my feyther's home,
 This lesson he taught I—
 "On whate'er coast, boy, thou art
 thrown,
 Disdain to cringe or lie!
 Fawning 's a trade deserves disgrace;
 Truth's ne'er asham'd to shew her
 face,
 Though Fortune treat her cruel;
 In all thy dealings act upright,
 Blunt Honesty 's a diamond bright,
 Sincerity a jewel!"

Dad's maxim soon I made my own,
 From it to swerve still scorns,
 And though I seldom sleep on down,
 Am never stretch'd on thorns!
 I might, 'tis true, more wealth have
 made,
 Had I the tricks, I'd heard of,
 play'd,
 And basely cring'd to do ill;
 But "No!" said I, "upright 's up-
 right;
 Blunt Honesty 's a diamond bright,
 Sincerity 's a jewel!"

Then let Death come, I'll meet him
 calm,
 My reck'ning will prove right;
 Ne'er willingly I'd crush a worm,
 Or rob man of a doit.
 When the grim tyrant bids depart,
 No guilty throb shall wring my heart,
 Nor will I deem him cruel;
 Hope's distant prospect yields de-
 light,
 Since Honesty 's a diamond bright,
 Sincerity 's a jewel!

I'LL LOVE THEE EVER DEARLY.

Let others breathe the melting sigh
 And swear they love to madness;
 To them I leave the tearful eye,
 And all love's sober sadness.
 No tender vows and pray'rs are
 mine,
 But this I swear sincerely,
 While truth and honest love are
 thine,
 I'll love thee ever dearly.

Then, lady, though I scorn the wiles
 Which love too oft discovers,

Ne'er spurn the heart that woos in
 smiles,

For smiles were made for lovers.
 And though no tender vows are
 mine,

Yet this I swear sincerely,
 While truth and honest love are
 thine,

I'll love thee ever dearly.

THE WITCHES' GLEE.

[Music — at D'Almaine and
 Mackinlay's.]

When shall we three meet again?
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
 When the hurly-burly 's done,
 When the battle's lost and won,
 That will be ere set of sun.

OH! I SHOULD LIKE TO MARRY.

[The Ladies' Song.]

[Music—at Ransford's.]

Oh! I should like to marry,
 If that I could find
 Any handsome fellow
 Suited to my mind.
 Oh! I should like him dashing
 Oh! I should like him gay;
 The leader of the fashion,
 And dandy of the day.
 Oh! I should like, &c.

Oh! I should like his hair,
 As Truefitt's wigs, divine;
 The sort of thing each fair
 Would envy being mine!
 He must n't be too short,
 He must n't be too burly,
 But slim, and tall, and straight,
 Moustache and whiskers curly.
 Oh! I should like, &c.

His cab, too, he must drive,
 With a tiny tiger dear;
 And a phaeton and a Brougham,
 And ten thousand pounds a year;
 He must n't wish to have
 All things just his own way;
 He must mope when I am grave,
 And be gay when I am gay.
 Oh! I should like, &c.

I'm sure he 'll never grumble,
 But live a life of ease,
 That is, on one condition—
 I'm to do whate'er I please!

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

THE MERRY HAYMAKERS.

THE noontide is hot, and our fore-
heads are brown,
Our palms are all shining & hard,
And hard is our work, with the wain
and the plough
Oh! but poor is our daily reward.
But there's joy in the sunshine, and
mirth in the lark
That skims whistling over our
head;
Our spirit's are light, though our
skins may be dark,
And there's peace with our meal
of brown bread.
We dwell in the meadows and toil
on the sod,
Far away from the city's dull
gloom;
nd more jolly are we, though in
rags we may be,
Than the pale faces over the loom.
Then a song and a cheer for the
bonny green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and
high—
For the pitchers and rakers, and
merry haymakers,
And a beautiful midsummer sky.
Come forth, gentle ladies—come
forth, noble sirs,
Pray lend us your presence awhile,
Your garments will take no stain
from the burs,
And a freckle won't tarnish your
smile.
Our carpet's as soft for your deli-
cate feet,
As the pile of our velveteed floor
And the scent of our green sward
is surely as sweet,
As the perfume of Araby's shore.
Come forth, noble masters, come
forth to the field,
Where freshness and health may
be found;
Where the wild flow'rs are spread
for the butterfly's bed,
And the clover bloometh around.
Then a song, &c.
'Hold fast!' cries the waggoner,
steady and quick,
And then comes the hearty 'gee
wo!'
While the cunning old team horses
manage to pick
A sweet mouthful to munch as
they go.
The tawney-faced children come
round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap,

Till the tiniest one, quite outspen
by the fun,
Is curled up with the sheep dog
asleep.
Old age sitteth down on the hay-
cock's crown,
At the close of our labouring day,
And wishes his life, like the grass
at his feet,
May be pure at its passing away.
Then a song, &c.

DON'T BE FOOLISH, JOE.

WHEN I lived down in Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
I went courting Rosa Lee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e.
Eyes as dark as winter's night,
Lips as red as berries bright:
When wooing first we both did go,
She said, No, don't be foolish, Joe.
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Courting down in Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Beneath the wild banana tree:
He said, you're a lubly gal, dat's
plain,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
Breff as sweet as sugar-cane,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
Feet so large, and comely too,
Might make a cradle of each shoe;
O Rosa, take me for your beau,
She said 'No, don't be foolish, Joe.
My story yet is to be told,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
Rosa caught a shocking cold,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
Send for the doctor and the nurse;
Doctor came and made her worse;
I tried to make her laugh; ah! no:
She whispered "Don't be foolish,
Joe."
Dey gib her up; no power could
save,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
She ask me follow her to the grave,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
I take her hand; 'twas cold as
death,
So cold I hardly drew my breath;
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,
And said "No, don't be foolish,
Joe."

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

THE FAIRY BELLS.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

I dreamt ('twas but a dream!) thou wert
my bride, love,
I dreamt that we were wandering side
by side, love;
I, earth's happiest son,—and thou, her
loveliest daughter,
While fairy bells came tinkling o'er the
water.
Merrily, merrily, merrily it fell,
The echo of that fairy bell!
That vision past away, and thou hast
left me
To mourn the hopes thy falsehood hath
bereft me;
No more I claim thy promised hand,
No more in dreams I see thee stand;
While soft, and sweet, and low, it fell,
The echo of that fairy bell!
Now, when I'm musing sad and lonely,
With but my harp, and thy remem-
brance only,
In vain as o'er those chords I bend,
One joyful note I try to send;
For sad, sad, and changed they seem,
The fairy bells of that dear dream!

OH, DO YOU REMEMBER?

Oh, do you remember the first time I
met you?
Your cheeks breathing roses, your
eyes beaming blue;
Yet so tenderly sweet, as if evening had
let you
Mix twilight and flowers in their lovely
hue!
Slowly was the night-bell ringing,
Soft and sweet the vespers singing,
Short the moments I could gaze
Upon thy beauteous smile;
Ding dong, evening bell,
I then sighed farewell:
But through hapless nights and days,
And many a weary mile,
Don't you remember,
Remember, love, remember?
Ding dong, evening bell,
Ding dong, bell!
Oh yes, though my path was on moun-
tain or billow,
Still, still on thy loveliness fondly I
hung;
At night-time thou wert the sweet dream
of my pillow,
By day, love, the music my memory
sung.
Slowly was, &c.

THE OLD KIRK YARD.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

Oh, come, come with me to the old kirk-
yard,
I well know the path through the soft
green sward;
Friends slumber there we were wont
to regard,
We'll trace out their names in the old
kirk-yard.
Oh, mourn not for them, their grief is
o'er,
Oh, weep not for them, they weep no
more;
For deep is their sleep, though cold and
hard
Their pillow may be in the old kirk-
yard!
I know it is vain, when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to a broken
heart;
I know that the joy of life seems
marr'd,
When we follow them home to the old
kirk-yard.
But were I at rest beneath you tree,
Why should'st thou weep, dear love, for
me?
I'm way-worn and sad,—ah, why then
retard,
The rest that I seek in the old kirk
yard?

LIFE IS A RIVER.

[Music—at L. Lee's.]

O life is a river, and man is the boat
That over its surface is destin'd to float;
And joy is a cargo so easily stor'd,
That he is a fool who takes sorrow on
board.
We all have a taste of the ups and the
downs,
As Fortune dispenses her smiles and
her frowns;
But may we not hope, if she's frowning
to-day,
That to-morrow she'll lend us the light
of her ray?
Would summer be priz'd for its fruit
and its flowers,
If winter ne'er followed with storms,
winds, and showers?
And does not the brightest of pleasures
appear
Still brighter, when chequer'd by mo-
ments of care?

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

AFLOAT ON THE OCEAN.

[Music—at Jefferys and Co's.]

Afloat on the ocean my days gaily
fly,
No monarch on earth is more happy
than I;
Like a bright brilliant star my trim
bark seems to me,
As sparkling in glory she skims o'er
the sea.
The wave is my kingdom, all bend to
my will,
And fate seems ambitious my hopes to
fulfil.

Tralalala, &c.

The sea was my birth-place, the morn
was all bright,
When from a proud galley I first saw
the light,
The land I first trod was the home of
the vine,
Hence, born on the sea, I doat on good
wine;
While I sail o'er the one, if the other
be there,
A fig for Dame Fortune, I'll laugh
away care.

Tra la la la, &c.

FAREWELL, THOU CITY OF MY FATHERS.

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

[Music—at Jullien's.]

Farewell, thou city of my fathers,
Thee I shall ne'er behold again;
I'd meet a death inglorious rather
Than live dishonour'd by a stain;
My shame will be a story
For my ruthless foe to tell;
Farewell, my land, my glory,
My noble name, farewell.
Farewell, thou hope so newly springing,
Hardly can I thy bliss resign;
Ye loved ones, fondly clinging
Around this weary heart of mine.
May life be bright before ye,
While I in darkness dwell,
Farewell, my land, my glory,
My noble name, farewell.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

[Music—at Jullien's.]

When moonbeams coldly kiss the scene
of strife,
And where the night breezethro' the
standard sigheth,
Its minstrel bearer wakes to tuneful life!
This heart-sprung lay, and while his
harp replieth:
"Her name I may not tell, whose
speaking eye
"Its music breathed to charm
my true affection;
"Till Freedom's holy cause I gain
or die,
"Beneath the standard I have
sworn protection."

The night is o'er, and with the new-
born day,
To action up the God of Battle
springeth;
Thro' all, the minstrel's banner waves
its way,
To meet his sword were death, while
still he singeth:
"Her name I may not tell, whose
parting sigh
"Proclaim'd how dear her
bosom's pure affection;
"The cause of Freedom I will gain
or die,
"Beneath the standard I have
sworn protection."

Though won the field, insatiate Death
still craves,
And waits were prone the minstrel
knight is lying,
Whose flowing blood the falling ban-
ner laves,
Whose last poor feeble gasp this lay
is sighing:
"Her name I have not breathed,
my closing eye
"Beholds afar her angel form
reflected;
"Farewell, sweet dream, in Free-
dom's cause I die,
"Beside my standard faithfully
protected."

YOU GAVE ME YOUR HEART.

You gave me your heart t'other day,
I thought it as safe as my own,
I've lost it, but what can I say,
Not your heart from mine can be
known.

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

NELLY MACHREE.

Sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Hudson, in "Green Bushes."

Air—"Thaddy, you Gander."

OH! Nelly Machree, come listen to me,

While I tell you the elegant life you will lead,

When, to step in a lady of high degree,
You put on your pumps and are happy indeed;

So fine you will shire, in your silks and your jewels,

Like a spark i' the air you will go waving along,

Be the toast, and the boast, and the cause of our duels,

The theme of the story, the Queen of the song.

Air—"Garryowen."

Oh, talk not to me of your jewels and clothes,

Sure a girl may be happy however she's drest,

At your flaunting and dancing I'll turn up my nose,

For a cabin and pig with the boy I love best.

He might lade me then with ropes of snow,

While merrily every day would pass,
But tie me to one for gould and show,

And I'd kick like a colt just wild from grass.

Oh! remember though love has but ground for the flure,

And sorra a buckle to fasten his knee,
He can rollick, and play, yet be more secure,

Than put on his manners with high degree:

Air--- The "pretty girl milking her cow."

But think of your nights passed in pleasure,

Your rest ne'er by poverty broke,
And how sweetly and calmly I'd treasure,

The headache I'd have when I woke,
Could you know who would pay their devotions,

What great ones before you would bow

You'd leave all such countrified notions
To some pretty girl milking her cow.

A king could I have for my father,
While before me should quality bow,

You may wonder, but sure, I'd rather
Some pretty girl milking her cow.

Could you know, &c. &c.

Air, "Irish,"—Unknown.

Faix, Nell since you refuse me now,
I a rover sure shall be,

Vain you then will be sorrowing,
With another on my knee.

Ah! sure little such gosthering,
Takes effect on girls like me,

Go then whistle a jig or two,

When your pipe will welcome be.

Farewell, frolicking, flaunting, rollicking
All in satins and silks so gay,

With due deference, I'd give preference
To the freize jacket that buttons up

honesty,

Ah! sure little such gosthering, &c.

Faix, Nell since you refuse me now, &c.

OLD FATHER PAT.

OLD father Pat was blithe and free,

He kissed the lasses daily, O,

And his fame so run through Donaghadee,

There was none like him so gaily, O;

For, day or night, 'twas his delight,

Devoid of care or sorrow, O,

With pae, sweet pae to wet his clay,

And the devil may have to-morrow, O.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then father Pat was Judy's brat,

The wife of Durfy's brother, O,

And whiskey nailed his Queen for that,

So he learned it of his mother, O;

For day or night 'twas his delight,

Devoid of care or sorrow, O;

So come, says he, I'll cosey be,

And the devil may take to-morrow, O.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then father Pat he kept a school,

But it was for more than thinking, O

For, lest his scholars' wit should cool,

He kept them always drinking, O,

Thus, day and night, 'twas his delight,

Devoid of care or sorrow, O,

To boose away, old Pat would say,

And the devil may take to-morrow, O.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

NEW AND FAVORITE LONDON SONGS.

TAKE BACK THOSE GEMS YOU
GAVE ME.

TAKE back those gems you gave me,
I prized them but for thee ;
Thou art changed, and they no longer
Possess one charm for me.
Alas, they but remind me
Of bright hopes passed away ;
Oh ! would that they might banish
The dream of yesterday
Thou canst not call me faithless,
For never vow of mine
Was breathed or lightly spoken,
Say, was it so with thine.

Take back, &c.

And yet I'll not upbraid thee,
My presence shall not throw
One cloud upon thy pathway,
One shadow on thy brow.
Go, mingle with the thoughtless,
And revel with the gay ;
Leave me the sad remembrance,
That dream of yesterday.
My last farewell is spoken,
One sad word lingers yet ;
Although my voice might falter,
My heart would say, forget.

Take back, &c.

DEAREST, THEN, I'LL LOVE
THEE MORE.

[Music—at Duff and Co's.]

YES, I'll love thee, oh, how dearly,
Words but faintly can express,
This fond heart beats too sincerely,
E'er in life to love thee less !
No, my fancy never ranges,
Hopes like mine can never soar ;
If the love I cherish changes,
It will be to love thee more.
Though the world has many sorrows,
And perchance it may be ours,
Love from tears a brightness borrows
Like the earth from summer showers
We will share our griefs and gladness,
In the future as of yore ;
And in all your hours of sadness,
Dearest, then, I'll love thee more.
Youth may pass, but ask not whether.
When you'r old I'll love as true ;
Shall we not grow old together,
And Time's changes mark me, too ?
Life may cease, but then to heaven
Will my pure affection soar
Yet, when freed from earthly leaven,
Dearest, then, I'll love thee more.

MADOLINE.

[Music—at Moss and Co's.]

DREAM of thee, sweet Madoline,
So beautiful and bright,
My memory weaves each look of thine
With ev'ry thought of light.
Thou art the music of my heart
That whispers thro' each day,
That speaks thy name in ev'ry breeze
When far from thee away.
I dream of thee, &c.
I dream of thee, dear Madoline,
Thro' life's sad waste of years ;
Like spring's sweet breath to flowers
that droop
Thy beaming smile appears:
Whene'er the world may cast its care,
When sorrow near I see,
I fear no shade, for in my grief
I turn again to thee.

I dream of thee, &c.

I LOVE BUT THEE.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

IF after all you still will doubt and fear
me,
And think this heart to other loves
will stray,
If I must swear, then lovely doubter
hear me ;
By all those dreams I have when
thou'rt away—
By every throb I feel when thou art
near me—
I love but thee, I love but thee.
By those dark eyes where light is ever
playing,
Where love in depth of shadow holds
his throne,
And by those lips which give whate'er
thou'rt saying
Of grave or gay, a music of its own
A music far beyond all minstrel-playing
I love but thee, I love but thee.
By that fair brow where innocence re-
poses,
Pure as the moonlight sleeping on
the snow,
And by that cheek whose fleeting blush
discloses
A hue too bright to bless this world
below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee, I love but thee.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

- Our favorite friend, and our favorite girl.
- May the consolation of rectitude sweeten the bitterness of sorrow.
- The subject of liberty, and the liberty of the subject.
- May we look round us with pleasure, and upwards with gratitude.
- Pleasures which please on reflection.
- May we never know distress from our own folly.
- May our pleasures continue, and our sorrows be distant.
- Ability to do good.
- May the seeds of friendship never produce the flowers of ingratitude.
- May we live to see and bless the day, When we've neither armies to dread or taxes to pay.
- The greatest blessing Heaven can send—a good wife.
- May he that turns his back on his friends, fall into the hands of his enemies.
- The British Navy.
- May the gale of prosperity waft us into the port of happiness.
- Head and hands to earn, and a heart to spend.
- Gold to every one depressed by the leaden hand of misfortune.
- Every thing belonging to fortune but her instability.
- Merit assisted, and knaves twisted.
- Good ships, fair winds, and brave seamen.
- May we be just as happy as we wish our neighbours to be.
- Charity without ostentation, and religion without bigotry.
- Addition to Patriots, Subtraction to Placemen, Multiplication to the friends of Peace, Division to its Enemies, Reduction to Abuses, Rule of Three to Queen, Lords, and Commons, Practice to Reformation, Fellowship to Britons, Discount to the National Debt, and Decimal Fractions to the Clergy.
- May we never want bread to make a toast of.
- Sun-shine and good-humour all the world over.
- May the best day we have seen be the worst we have to come.
- Virtue for a guide, and fortune for an attendant.
- May we derive amusement from business, and improvement from pleasure.
- May our commanders in arms have the eye of a Hawke, and the heart of a Wolfe.
- The Queen, and may we never know the want of her picture.
- May we laugh in our cups, and think when we are sober.
- Absent friends.
- May the meanest Briton scorn to be the highest slave.
- To the memory of those who have died in defence of their country.
- May the polished heart make amends for a rough countenance.
- Riches to seamen's widows and orphans.
- The Queen and Constitution.
- May we always meet more numerous, and never less respectable.
- May sovereigns and subjects reign in each other's hearts by love.
- May every Briton be loyal, and find a loyal protection.
- May British soldiers and cowardice ever be at war.
- May the gifts of fortune never cause us to steer out of our latitude.
- Fidelity to our friends, and grace to our enemies.
- May prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.
- May we be friendly and social to all mankind.
- May we bury sorrow in the friendly draught.
- The sun-shine of the soul,—a friend.
- May we always have a friend, and know his value.
- May our friendship continue as long as the sun.
- When we meet to be merry, let us part with discretion.
- May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted.
- May we act with reason even when the bottle circulates.
- Long life, pure love, and boundless liberty.
- May the fire of love never feel decay.
- The rose of love without the thorns.
- May the opinions of others never warp reason's dictates.
- A mirth-inspired bowl.
- May those we love be honest, and the land we live in free.
- Love for love.
- May love and reason be friends, and beauty and prudence marry.
- Love in every breast, liberty in every heart, and learning in every head.
- May the people of England always oppose a bad ministry, and give vigour to a good one.
- May the armies and navies of Great Britain always be successful in a good cause, and never be engaged in a bad one.
- May every virtuous woman be happy, and every vicious one penitent.